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# FREEDOM'S BANNER,

REVISED

BY

MRS. L. T. WHITESIDE.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year Eighteen  
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LONG BOTTOM, MEIGS COUNTY, OHIO.

1867.

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## PREFACE.

Y R

The Author of this little work claims no remarkable poetical gift, but through the persuasion of judicious and thinking men, she made up her mind to offer it to the public, to peruse if they see fit. She has taken all the pains within her reach to make it interesting to Union-loving people; firmly believing it to be right for *woman* as well as man to use every laudable effort to put down vice and immorality, and train the rising generation to be willing to put *their* shoulder to the wheel, and try to save our Government that has cost so many valuable lives and such immense treasure. If any errors should be found in regard to dates, names, numbers, or otherwise, will be cheerfully rectified when they are made known. The Author believes that there are tens of thousands of women that could do a great deal toward saving and strengthening our Government without usurping authority or acting out of their proper sphere. If we train our little sons and daughters, at the fireside, to be loyal men and women we cannot fail to do some good. Trusting that any or all who may condescend to read this little work will remember that the Author claims honesty of heart in the work; that is all she claims. Trusting that some good may be accomplished, the result is left in the hands of an all-wise and merciful God.

.706. MRS. L. T. WHITESIDE.



# FREEDOM'S BANNER.

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## LIFE AND DEATH OF OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

On the twelfth day of February,  
Eighteen hundred and nine,  
Our much lamented President  
Was born, with talents fine.

What is now Larue county,  
Was his birth-place, 'tis said,  
Near Nolin creek, Kentucky,  
He for seven years was fed.

His father was unwilling  
Any longer there to stay,  
So he took his little family,  
And moved them right away.

It was quite easy then to haul  
All Mr. Lincoln had ;  
And Abraham could drive the cow,  
Though quite a little lad.

He crossed the river on a raft,  
To Indiana's shore ;  
Then had to cut a road through woods,  
Full twenty miles or more.

To southern Indiana  
Mr. Lincoln quickly went ;  
Where school teachers were hard to find,  
And money nearly spent.

Here Abraham first learned to plow,  
And for his father teamed ;  
And many a lesson studied hard,  
Where naught but hearth-light gleam'd.

Ere Abraham was ten years old  
His worthy mother died,  
But in a year his father did  
Another one provide.

When he had lived some thirteen years  
In Indiana State,  
Said Mr. Lincoln, "Here I will  
No longer risk my fate."

He quickly moved to Illinois,  
Took Abraham and all;  
Purchased a farm without a fence,  
So Abe must use a Maul.

Assisted by John Hunter,  
The job was quickly done;  
For Abe could split his share of rails,  
And have his jokes and fun.

Mr. Lincoln, for some reason,  
Was very discontent;  
And when one year had pass'd away,  
He to Cole county went.

Then Thomas Lincoln moved no more,  
Till he with time was done;  
He left for the celestial clime,  
In eighteen fifty-one.

Now I'll return to Abraham,  
And view some different scenes,  
When he was nineteen years of age,  
He went to New Orleans.

A hired hand upon a raft,  
He joyfully went down,  
And did whatever he was bid,  
Without the slightest frown.

He hired on a flat boat  
In eighteen thirty-one;  
He made another trip, and then  
His boating work was done.

At New Salem he was clerking,  
In eighteen thirty-two,  
When a call was made for volunteers,  
The Indians to subdue.

He was chosen for a captain,  
And to the war he went,  
To stop the great invasion,  
His heart was fully bent.

He made no false pretensions,  
To win immortal fame,  
Yet something bright as rainbow  
Seemed painted on his name.

Many soldiers had got weary,  
Ere their time had pass'd away,  
And at Ottawa they were discharg'd  
About the last of May.

More volunteers were needed,  
For Black Hawk was not caught;  
Said Abe "I'm going back to stay  
Till the last battle's fought."

He was enroll'd a private,  
And went to war again;  
And as long as he was needed,  
Did cheerfully remain.

During the war some said that he  
Had earn'd a double name,  
And so they call'd him "honest Abe,"  
For he was without blame.

He ran for Legislator,  
In eighteen thirty-four,  
But seven votes were lacking,  
And he had to give it o'er.

Then in thirty-six and thirty-eight,  
He ran, and won the prize,  
And did the same in forty,  
Opening Democratic eyes.

From Kentucky's fairest daughters,  
He chose himself a wife;  
And in forty-two Miss Mary Tod  
Ended his single life.

In eighteen forty-seven,  
He performed a splendid feat,  
And in the House Representatives,  
He quickly took his seat.

In eighteen hundred sixty,  
There was a dreadful strife,  
And sixty one, at Baltimore,  
The rebels sought his life.

But the eye that watched o'er Moses,  
No length of time could dim;  
He was guided safe to Washington,  
Just where they needed him.

No more forgiving spirit,  
Has been shrouded here in clay,  
Since America was settled,  
Is my firm belief to-day.

For he was so forgiving,  
He scarce could tell how,  
In his heart, to make the leaders  
Of the Great Rebellion bow.

He thought a small chastisement,  
Would make them see their sin,  
And his arms were always open,  
Willing to take them in.

Just seventy-five thousand,  
He order'd dress'd in blue,  
And thought they were sufficient,  
The rebels to subdue.

But they had got so selfish,  
And also stubborn grown,  
They said they'd whip the Yankees out,  
Or else be "let alone."



FREEDOM'S BANNER.

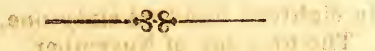
They starved our men in prison,  
And thousands they did slay;  
How can they answer for their blood,  
In the great Judgment Day.

The Yankees took their capitol,  
And put out all the fire;  
But in rebel hearts it kindled,  
A most tremendous ire.

The shock they brought upon us,  
No mortal tongue can tell,  
When Seward was left bleeding,  
And our brave Lincoln fell.

Their crimes have been recorded,  
And their bark to atoms riven,  
Now they have to come to Johnson,  
And ask to be forgiven.

God save the glorious Union!  
On thee we do depend  
To keep our banner waving,  
Till time shall have an end.



ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LIEUT.  
GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT.

In seventeen hundred and eighty-six,  
When flowers were sweetly blooming,  
The war was done and victory won,  
And no British cannons booming.

'Twas on the thirteenth day of June,  
He came on earth a stranger,  
When but a youth he lov'd the truth,  
And never ran from danger.

'Twas in Virginia he was born,  
'Neath colors worth sustaining;  
With a loyal heart he did his part,  
Where shot and shell were raining.



William and Mary College was  
The place he graduated,  
(Such men were few,) at twenty-two,  
He was Captain, it is stated.

The ninth of March at Vera Cruz,  
Our noble troops were landed,  
In forty-seven, neath smiles from Heaven,  
And he those troops commanded.

'Tis said he conquered Mexico,  
When it was six months later,  
And might have staid, when peace was made,  
Remaining its dictator.

When treason raised her wicked head,  
Beneath a Southern banner,  
Said he "My boys there'll be a noise,"  
For now we'll have to tan her.

He strove with all his might and power,  
To check the vilest treason;  
Too frail to stand the high command,  
He withdrew for that reason.

In eighteen hundred sixty-one,  
The first day of November,  
To younger men he left it then,  
If rightly I remember.

Then while they strove to conquer those,  
Who claim'd they had seceded,  
He gave advice, (worth highest price,)  
Whenever it was needed.

He prayed to have the stripes and stars  
Throughout the Union planted;  
He lived to see our victory  
God has in mercy granted.

'Twas on the twenty-ninth of May  
He pass'd o'er Jordan's river,  
In New York State he met his fate,  
From death none could deliver.

At West Point, where he breath'd his last,  
O may he sweetly slumber !  
When loyal braves come from their graves.  
He'll be among the number.



## THE LEADING EVENTS OF APRIL, 1865.

The battle of Five Forks was fought,  
They tell me, the first day ;  
And on the second Davis thought  
Our men he'd run away.

Our lines in front of Petersburg  
He tried with all his might ;  
From Petersburg and Richmond too,  
He order'd speedy flight.

'Twas on the third our Union boys,  
With shouts and loud huzzas,  
Reoccupied those very towns,  
And raised the stripes and stars.

Phil. Sheridan at the same time,  
If truth was told to me,  
Did all that lay within his power  
To hunt up General Lee.

Then on the fifth at Jettersville,  
Things wore a different shape ;  
For he sent word to General Grant,  
That Lee could not escape.

The sixth, the seventh, and the eighth,  
Rebs drank a bitter cup,  
Then on the ninth soon General Lee  
Gave his whole army up.

'Twas on the tenth when Sherman moved,  
Jo. Johnson got afraid,  
And on the road toward Raleigh soon  
He hurried off dismay'd.

'Twas on the twelfth when Sherman march'd,  
With bonny boys in blue;  
He got the news that Lee was caught,  
Which soon like lightning flew.

The thirteenth day Mobile was ours,  
Though many a life it cost,  
And Raleigh too was occupied,  
And rebel hopes were lost.

Brave Anderson the fourteenth day,  
Hoisted the flag again  
O'er Sumter, which four years before,  
He strove hard to maintain.

On the same night our President  
Received a deadly wound,  
And the assassin quickly fled,  
Hoping he'd ne'er be found.

Fred. Seward and his father, too,  
Got wounds of every shape,  
And Johnson, if I'm rightly told,  
Did narrowly escape.

The fifteenth, morn soon usher'd in,  
When news was quickly spread,  
Tho' it was not yet eight o'clock,  
Our President was dead!

Unnumbered tears throughout our land  
Where shed the nineteenth day,  
While loyal hearts to his remains  
Did solemn tribute pay.

The twenty-first from Washington  
A train of cars did run,  
Which bore the last remains of our  
Dear President and son.

At Springfield may bright angels watch  
O'er their mouldering clay,  
Till Jesus makes his jewels up,  
On the great rising day.

## THE NORTHERN SHIP.

The Northern ship is ready, and,  
Her banners are unfurl'd,  
There is none can find her parallel,  
If they should search the world.

Her timbers are all seasoned well,  
Her sails of canvass good,  
In all our ship cannot be found  
An inch of rotten wood.

Abe Lincoln is our Captain brave,  
And Hamlin is the mate;  
And with them, we are bound to have  
Free press, free speech, free State.

Our sailors brave, they want no slave,  
They're sons of Uncle Sam;  
And when you see her on the wave,  
You'll find she is no sham.

We'll take the trip to Washington,  
And clinch a nail or two;  
And then we are to Kansas bound,  
With all our jolly crew.

We'll plant the tree of liberty,  
Where ruffians seek their prey;  
And it shall bud and blossom there,  
When they're all done away.

Her branches green shall long be seen,  
Tho' Southern winds do blow;  
For Uncle Sam has sons enough  
To water it, I know.

There, firmly rooted, it shall stand,  
Where crystal waters glide,  
For 'tis the tree of liberty;  
The North American pride.

## “HURRAH FOR BROUGH!”

Rouse, rouse, ye true sons of Ohio!  
 We need men courageous and tough,  
 To check up those Vallandinghamers,  
 Who're shouting so much against Brough.

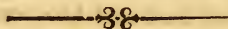
Not a word against Tod would I utter,  
 For he never was hasty or rough,  
 But the Copperheads cried “Abolition,”  
 And now howl the same against Brough.

I was born and raised up in Meigs county,  
 Where traiters got many a bluff;  
 I've a father, a husband, and brothers  
 As true to the Union as Brough.

We surely would fare worse than orphans,  
 Who are left for a cold world to cuff,  
 If a tory should govern Ohio,  
 Instead of the noble John Brough.

The Copperheads, doom'd to cross fire.  
 Will soon find a place hot enough,  
 For the rebels in arms hate a coward,  
 And so do all true men like Brough.

I'll throw in my might for the Union,  
 Tho' Copperheads round me should snuff,  
 And I'll pray for the star-spangled banner,  
 While patriots vote for John Brough.



## INSCRIBED TO THE NEW-SCHOOL DEMOCRACY.

Your spider-web Democracy,  
 Will be of short duration,  
 For you resemble Jonah's gourd  
 Too much, to rule our nation.

For months you kept a constant howl,  
 About emancipation,  
 And all your secret plots have been  
 To help divide our nation.



There's many a child left fatherless,  
And widows, near starvation,  
'Twas caused by those you're helping now  
To overthrow our nation.

The orphans' and the widows' cries  
Have reached God's habitation,  
And He'll avenge the loyal blood,  
Poured out to save our nation.

How do you think you'll stand before  
The God of all creation,  
To answer for your treachery  
To our once happy nation?



## HARRISON CHASE, WHO DIED APRIL 7, 1864.

To the call of his country he bravely responded,  
Tho' feeble in body his courage was strong,  
With a cavalry regiment in Western Virginia,  
He went without murmur to swell the proud throng.

It was the Fourth Regiment, for six months enlisted,  
He thought his frail body that long would endure, [tion,  
But consumption soon took him from war's dread commo-  
We trust to a home that is lasting and pure.

In a hospital far from his father and mother,  
No brother to aid him, or sister to sigh,  
From Burlington town, on the seventh of April,  
His spirits was wafted to mansions on high.

George Hamilton went and took charge of his body,  
Then boards he soon press'd, and a box he soon made,  
With a heart one might envy he stood by his mess-mate,  
And soon in that box his cold body was laid.

An ambulance took them to New Creek, Virginia,  
To Parkersburg next, on the cars they soon came,  
Thence a steamboat convey'd them safe to Meigs county,  
To friends who will ever love Hamilton's name.

In Rutland he staid, till his kind hearted mess-mate,  
In the damp grave he saw quietly laid ;  
Can ever such friendship on earth be forgotten ?  
Or how can it ever by us be repaid ?

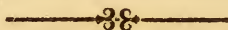


## THE ELECTORAL VOTE OF 1864.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-four,  
Abe was elected for four years more.  
Soon February came rolling in,  
To count the votes they did begin.

The votes were counted right in the House,  
The Senate was there as still as a mouse.  
Two hundred and twenty-three, they said,  
For Abe had killed McClellan dead.

George B. McClellan had twenty-one,  
And so had George H. Pendleton,  
Two hundred and twelve A. Johnson got,  
Which tied the reins in a double knot.



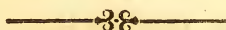
## COMPOSED FOR JAMES G. MITCHELL ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

With Columbia's brave sons, to put down this rebellion,  
Young Byron enlisted, and proudly did go,  
From brother and sister, dear father and mother ;  
Though painful the duty, he soon faced the foe.

He knew that his liberty cost blood and treasure,  
Then when he was needed how could he say no ?  
'Twas like tearing heart strings to leave his dear kindred,  
But soon he enlisted and went down below.

Death came like a torrent and called for his spirit  
From New Orleans city it swept him away,  
To meet his dear sister in Eden's fair bowers.  
And with her forever and ever to stay.

You'll soon have to cross over Jordan's proud billows,  
Where Byron now waits, on the opposite shore,  
To meet his dear father and kind, loving mother,  
And welcome them home, to be parted no more.



## ON THE LIFE OF WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

In eighteen hundred twenty,  
God sent him here on earth,  
And Lancaster, Ohio,  
Was honor'd with his birth.

It was in February,  
(The noble and true,)  
Just out in Fairfield county,  
His infant breath he drew.

His father died of cholera,  
In eighteen twenty-nine.  
To raise eleven children,  
Needed a fortune fine.

'Tis said that his kind parent  
Left but a small estate,  
But he and Thomas Ewing  
Had been quite intimate.

Said Ewing, "I'll take Billy,  
And raise him as my own."  
In Lancaster, Ohio,  
Good seed was quickly sown.

Although he was a cadet,  
In eighteen thirty-six,  
With weekly balls and whiskey,  
Young Billy couldn't mix.

In eighteen hundred forty,  
He gladly heard the tune;  
He stands the sixth in merit,  
This thirtieth day of June.

'Twas then he graduated,  
With forty-two in class.  
From West Point then he hurried,  
Without the slightest gas.

In Florida, they tell me,  
He did a faithful part;  
Then soon to California  
He went, with all his heart.

In eighteen hundred fifty,  
Just in the prime of life,  
In Washington, Miss Ewing  
Became his lawful wife.

In eighteen hundred sixty,  
He saw the cloud arise;  
Then left Louisiana,  
And many did surprise.

He saw the wire-working,  
And understood it well,  
Said he, "They won't be quiet  
Until they powder smell."

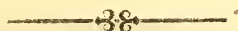
Rebellious eyes had watched him,  
And envied him his skill;  
But none had brains sufficient,  
To sway the heart of Bill.

He told them he was loyal,  
And left his office there,  
Then went to Mr. Lincoln  
And said, "for war prepare."

Said he, "A large volcano  
Is burning 'neath our feet,  
And we should be preparing,  
The dreadful flame to meet."

The cruel war came on us,  
Just as he did predict;  
He girded on his armor,  
And shared in the conflict.

But now the war is over,  
And God preserved his life ;  
May his days be long and happy.  
With Ellen, his dear wife.

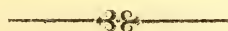


## COMPOSED FOR A MOTHER, TO SEND TO HER SON IN THE ARMY.

Our ancestors fought, and their precious blood spilt,  
That their children sweet peace should enjoy ;  
But invaders have come, and their sons now must fight,  
Or they soon will our freedom destroy.

The Lord watch'd o'er Moses and Joseph, you know,  
And his eyes never yet have grown dim,  
My prayer for you is, that as long as you live,  
You'll be constantly trusting in him.

But if your precious life should be taken away,  
While endeavoring our country to save,  
It would break my poor heart, but I'd thank the good Lord,  
You had not filled a foul traitor's grave.



## A WARNING TO DANCERS.

O ye giddy, proud and vain  
Who now upon the earth remain ;  
Remember God who reigns on high,  
Has said that Adam's race die.

The truth to you I'm going to tell,  
I knew the lady's kindred well.  
Among the first she'd get a beau,  
And then to dances she would go.

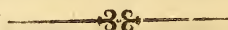
She thought that dancing was no crime,  
And often wasted precious time ;  
To her last ball she soon did go,  
But did not dream that it was so.



Ere the same week had past away,  
She was a lump of lifeless clay ;  
The gent who took her to the ball,  
Into her grave did nearly fall.

The rope was trembling in his hand,  
As o'er her coffin he did stand ;  
The hands which swung her round and round,  
Helped lower her down in the damp ground.

Your bodies may be richly clad,  
But when death comes you will be sad ;  
For none but those who serve the Lord,  
In heaven can reap the great reward.



## ON THE DEATH OF ARTHUR AND WESLEY LAWRENCE.

Arthur Lawrence was respected,  
By acquaintances, far and near,  
But said he, "To face the rebels,  
In the ranks I must appear."

Soon he left his weeping parents,  
Saying "God will be my shield,  
For I'll try to do my duty  
In a tent or on the field."

Time arrived for re-enlisting ;  
He a veteran was enroll'd ;  
Afterward a wounded hero,  
Trusting God all things controll'd.

He with Christian resignation,  
Patiently for death did wait ;  
Then by Union men was buried,  
In Louisiana State.

May his mother be submissive ;  
All must pass through death's dark shade,  
To attain a crown of glory,  
Countless years can never fade.

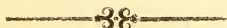
Wesley Lawrence, (Arthur's cousin,)  
Left his home the very day  
Arthur far from friends and kindred,  
Did the debt of nature pay.

He went to a basket meeting,  
Bosoms there with grief did swell,  
When the parting hand was given,  
And he said, "My friends, farewell!"

From his weeping wife he hurried,  
Though it nearly breaks his heart,  
To suppress the great rebellion,  
He went forth to do his part.

On the altar of his country,  
Just before the foemen's aims,  
When they tried to count the martyrs,  
Wesley was among the names.

In the burning sand of Dixie,  
Though his wife and kindred weep,  
Rebels never more can harm him,  
Jesus guards him in his sleep.



## ON THE DEATH OF ASBURY AND MARION MILLS.

Asbury Mills and Marion,  
Were brothers, brave and true,  
They volunteer'd to face the foe,  
And quickly dressed in blue,

Each did perform a faithful part,  
Till he could do no more,  
And then the Lord call'd them away  
From earth's polluted shore.

Their numerous friends were left to mourn,  
When death called them away,  
And their cold bodies were sent home,  
Two lumps of lifeless clay.

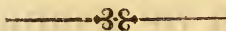
Though cannons loud on earth should roar,  
Or storms beat on their graves,  
I trust their spirits will be safe,  
Beyond death's chilling waves.

- They are mouldering on an eminence,  
Near the Virginia shore,  
The marble slab which marks the place.  
I can view from my door.

I often cast my eyes that way,  
And think of days gone by,  
Then wonder why God called them home,  
Instead of worthless I.

They had two brothers in the field,  
Whose hearts for them were warm;  
They went through showers of shot and shell,  
But did survive the storm.

Two more at home with parents staid.  
( 'Tis said reluctantly, )  
O may those severed ties unite,  
In long eternity.



## THE BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL, FOUGHT SEPT. 22, 1864.

On the twenty-second day  
Of September last,\*  
There was a battle fought  
That few have ever surpass'd.

The rebel General Early,  
Encamp'd at Fisher Hill,  
Got a whipping he'll remember  
Let him travel where he will.

---

\* This was written in 1865.

The sixth and nineteenth corps in front,  
Were first drawn up in line,  
While the eighth corps, under General Crooks,  
Arranged the business fine.

Just at the right they waited,  
Perhaps two hours time,  
Till Generals Crooks and Sheridan  
Rode all along the line.

To the foot of the North Mountain  
They were ordered soon to go,  
Then stealthily as a cat they went,  
And flanked the Southern foe.

Through brush, in every shape and form,  
Four miles those heroes went,  
Up hill and down, with glittering steel  
As if by demons sent.

Then deafening yells and bayonets,  
Caused rebel blood to chill,  
They charged them many times to get  
To the pike, on Fisher's Hill.

Imboden slipp'd behind them,  
To win immortal fame,  
But Averill's men were wide awake,  
And put them all to shame.

A large amount of muskets,  
Were captured in the fight.  
With two-and-twenty cannon,  
Which put the rebs to flight.

Eleven hundred prisoners,  
Were taken on that day,  
The sixth and nineteenth corps each did,  
A noble work they say.

Soon Longstreet came as if he was  
Of all mankind the best,  
Our bonny boys soon whipped them out,  
Just as they did the rest.

As Sheridan drew near his men,  
I've credibly been told,  
He said "God bless you every one,  
You're worth your weight in gold."

For Emory, Wright and Sheridan,  
Soon deafening cheers arose,  
For Generals Crooks and Averill too  
And thus the scene did close.



## SHERMAN'S RAID.

The ninth day of November,  
In eighteen sixty-four,  
Brave Sherman left Atlanta,  
For a far distant shore.

His soldiers said, "We'll follow  
Our leader to the coast."  
Of such a splendid army,  
An emperor might boast.

The ninth day of December,  
One Captain Duncan said,  
I'll descend the Ogeechee,  
And go to Hilton Head.

The first important tidings  
Since Sherman started out,  
Was brought to General Foster,  
By Shermrn's daring scout.

The thirteenth day brave Sherman,  
Took Fort McAllister,  
The capture of Savannah  
Seemed sure, he did aver.

"News to the War Department,"  
Said he, "I now must send."  
Then went on board a vessel,  
And his first message pen'd.



Said he, "No vile guerillas  
Disturb'd us on our route,  
And all our teams look better,  
Than when we started out.

We've gathered mules and horses,  
And negroes, without cost :  
The army is most splendid,  
And not a wagon lost.

The twenty-first brave Sherman,  
Into Savannah went,  
Then on the twenty-second,  
Wrote to the President.

"I have a Christmas present,  
I beg to give to you,  
It is Savannah City,  
With big guns, not a few.

"I've ammunition plenty,  
And cotton bales on hand,  
Some five-and-twenty thousand,  
Which are at your command."



## COMPOSED FOR COLUMBUS REED.

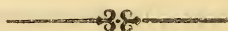
The soldier who goes in defense of his country,  
Knows well how his birth-right to prize,  
But the dark vault of time holds the key to the future,  
And keeps it locked up from the poor soldier's eyes.

He knows not the moment he'll fall killed or wounded,  
Or prisoner be, in the hands of the foe ;  
Yet God has reveal'd many truths in the Bible,  
Which all should remember while traveling below.

He says that his eyes will be over the righteous,  
And that he will listen to each fervent prayer,  
But his face is against every one who does evil,  
And none but the righteous true riches shall share.

To the call of our country you quickly responded,  
 And always was faithful and true,  
 Down, down to the grave you will take scars of honor,  
 Bought dearly at Vicksburg, while dress'd in blue.

When Columbia's sons shall have crushed the rebellion,  
 And peace to the nation restored,  
 Long may you live, 'neath the star-spangled banner,  
 Then lay by your crutches and live with the Lord.



## LINES ON THE DEATH OF GOVERNOR CORWIN.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-five,  
 With talents like the sun,  
 The twenty-ninth day of July,  
 His earthly race begun.

No nobler heart has ever been  
 Admitted to the bar;  
 'Tis said his company was sought  
 At home, and from afar.

A representative they say  
 He was, at twenty-eight.  
 In nine years more a Congressman.  
 In nine more ruled his State.

Old Uncle Sam in five years more,  
 (All good men will aver,)  
 By a majority of votes,  
 Made him a Senator.

View him again in five years more,  
 His talents you can see,  
 Like diamonds set in glittering gold,  
 Ruling the Treasury.

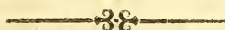
When he was sixty-five years old,  
 He saw the gathering storm,  
 Said he, "The old ship must be saved,  
 What part can I perform?"

His heart was filled with loyalty,  
When he was but a lad,  
He longed to see rebellion crushed,  
He saw it, and was glad,

He was at home with wife and friends,  
His daughter's wedding-day ;  
But soon to Washington he went,  
Where death took him away.

He left unnumber'd laurels here,  
His loyal heart had won,  
No patriot should e'er forget  
Ohio's noble son.

May angels watch his lifeless clay,  
Till Jesus bids it rise,  
Then may he wear a glittering crown,  
Beyond the starry skies.



## THE UNION SHIP.

Our Union ship is ready,  
And her banners wave high,  
She is going down to Dixie,  
All secession rights to try.

CHORUS—Abe Lincoln is our captain,  
With Hamlin by his side,  
So jump on board the vessel,  
And we'll all take a ride.

Uncle Sam has spent his millions,  
Just to put her in good trim,  
And there's no place in her cabin,  
For men who don't love him.

We have U. S. Grant and Sherman,  
To watch the highest mast,  
With a host of Yankee sailors  
To keep the rigging fast.

We will land our Union vessel,  
Safe in a Southern port,  
Then raise our nation's banner,  
O'er every rebel fort.

## LINES ON THE DEATH T. C. TORRENCE.

To fight for the Union,  
His mother he left,  
Who had been for years  
Of her husband bereft.

With the seventh Iowa,  
In company C,  
From Ottumwa he went,  
With the brave cavalry.

To Davenport City,  
They hurried away,  
But did not expect  
Very long there to stay.

In a hospital, soon  
He lay on a sick bed,  
And for six weeks his mother  
Watched o'er him in dread.

She pray'd for his health,  
While she viewed him through tears,  
For she had but few hopes,  
To a thousand fears.

When she found he was cold,  
And his eyes getting dim,  
"Do you know you are dying?"  
She then said to him.

He looked at her earnest,  
And said, "Is that so?"  
Then straighten me mother,"  
And, "Now let me go."

He smil'd, and said to her,  
"In peace try to live,  
For I do my enemies  
Freely forgive.

Tell my brother and sisters,  
When I sleep in death,  
"That I lov'd them each one,  
While the Lord lent me breath."

While an innocent smile  
On his features did play,  
God sent for his spirit,  
And took it away.

The miles to be traveled,  
Were more than eight score,  
Ere the heart-broken mother,  
Could reach her own shore.

By the side of his father  
They laid him away,  
To rest undisturbed,  
Till the great judgment day.



## INFORMATION WANTED.

Come all you friends of freedom,  
And give a listening ear,  
A sketch about my nephew.  
I want you all to hear.

His pa and only brother,  
Enter'd the Union field,  
And staid until affliction  
Compell'd them both to yield.

He was left with his dear mother,  
To care for things at home,  
Till fortune should smile on them,  
And his kind pa would come.

When Morgan enter'd Chester,  
And burn'd his father's mill,  
Said he, "My hopes are blighted,  
But work some more I will."

He hurried down near Vicksburg.  
Some cotton there to raise,  
But in rebel hearts was kindled  
A most tremendous blaze.



To Jackson, Mississippi,  
They hurried him away,  
And his friends have never seen him,  
Up to the present day.

'Tis said that he was murder'd  
In September sixty-four,  
And his weeping mother  
Will see him here no more.

Benjamin Knight, his father,  
Came from the State of Maine,  
And God blest him with children  
Without a rebel vein.

I want some information  
From Daniel, his dear son,  
If any living mortal,  
Knows how it can be done.

May all his friends and kindred,  
Till death calls them away,  
Pray for a happy meeting,  
Where there is endless day.



## ON THE DEATH OF SERGEANT E. P. TIFFANY.

When the first call for troops was made,  
He bade adieu to friends and shade,  
No half-way Union man was he,  
Each vein was full of loyalty.

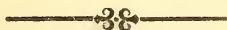
Though he returned to friends again,  
With them he did not long remain,  
When Captain Keys entered the field,  
Said he, "I'll go, the rebs must yield."

A martyr's grave at Fisher's Hill,  
In sixty-four he had to fill:  
He was belov'd and miss'd by all,  
They griev'd at his untimely fall.

They buried him beneath a tree,  
From war and strife forever free,  
His parents slept beneath the sod  
Ere he was call'd away to God.

His friends went after his remains,  
And now he sleeps on Tupper's Plains,  
The marble slab placed at his head,  
Tells friends and foes for what he bled.

Till we who mourn o'er friends who're lost,  
Can count up what our freedom cost,  
O may it ne'er of us be said,  
We ever raised a Copperhead.



## ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN EDWIN KEYES.

He left his wife and little son,  
And went to face the foe,  
His sisters too were near his heart  
And grieved to see him go.

His scholars oft had heard him pray,  
That they in heaven might stand,  
Around the dazzling throne of God,  
A bright unbroken band.

They grieved to have their teacher go,  
Where cannon loud would roar  
And feared they never more would meet,  
On this terrestrial shore.

He loved to view the stripes and stars,  
And could not bear to see  
Our blood-bought liberty destroy'd,  
By Southern chivalry.

His Spartan boys soon follow'd him,  
From his own native shore,  
And then at Lynchburg saw him fall,  
In eighteen sixty-four.

It was the eighteenth day of June,  
Their wounded Captain fell,  
Just lived one month in rebel hands,  
Then bade this world farewell.

His numerous friends were left to mourn,  
When death call'd him away,  
And none the vacancy can fill,  
Till the great judgment day.

He had to cross o'er Jordan's waves,  
To reach the shining shore :  
May friends and kindred all unite,  
Where parting is no more.



## ON THE DEATH OF SYLVESTER G. SHUMWAY.

When war, like a deluge,  
Swept over our land,  
Said he, "I'm going,  
In Keyes' command."

To fight for the Union,  
And conquer our foes,  
I'll follow your banner,  
Wherever it goes

His life for our country,  
At Piedmont he gave,  
And there he lies mouldering,  
Within the cold grave.

He left his two brothers,  
On this earth to roam,  
George was his companion,  
But James was at home.

The love of his Captain,  
And brothers-in-arms,  
He had won for himself,  
By his numerous charms.

His parents and sisters,  
He'll meet here no more,  
But will eagerly wait,  
On the opposite shore.



## MORGAN'S RAID THROUGH KENTUCKY. INDIANA AND OHIO.

When he went into Kentucky,  
He had to fly the track ;  
Colonel Jacob and his heroes  
Soon drove the raiders back.

Captain Carter met him soon,  
At Columbia, they say,  
And fought him like a hero,  
Till wounded there he lay.

Captain (now Major) Fishback,  
Came and assum'd command,  
Then he hurried to Green river,\*  
And halted his vile band.

I think he never wanted  
To fight with More again,  
For there he lost a Colonel,  
And thirty other men.

Four thousand, six hundred,  
With Morgan at their head,  
Soon filled the town of Lebanon,  
With leaden hail, and dread.

Colonel Hanson's squad of heroes  
Deserve immortal fame,  
Although they did surrender,  
For them it was no shame.

Our heroes fought at Bladensburg,  
Till they could do no more,  
And then the rebels came across  
To Indiana's shore.

---

\* It was More that fought him at Green river.

Then Corydon they plundered next,  
And soon to Salem went,  
And there they burned a depot,  
To give their meanness vent.

When stores had all been plundered,  
And countless damage done,  
They turned their shameless faces.  
To go to Lexington.

Through Hindsville, and through Paris,  
To Dupont next they went,  
And there they burn'd and plunder'd  
Until they were content.

At just eight in the morning,  
The rebs went out of sight.  
And Hobson's cavalry at one,  
Came in, with all their might.

When they found he was approaching,  
Excitement was so great,  
They hoped to reach Ohio,  
And then Kentucky State.

When Harrison they entered.  
The plundering was begun,  
And soon they hoped to gobble up  
All at Camp Dennison.

They couldn't get to Milford,  
Camp Shady soon they tried,  
And there they burn'd some wagons,  
Then onward soon did ride.

Then all the way to Buffington,  
They mills and bridges burn'd,  
And gobbled up the horses,  
Which other men had earned.

Then they tried to cross the river,  
Into Virginia State,  
But our Union-loving heroes,  
Showed them it was too late.



Generals Hobson and Shackelford,  
And Judah did command,  
Just as brave a lot of heroes  
As ever graced the land.

With beating hearts they hurried,  
And caught up with them there.  
Then sent their deadly missiles,  
Soon flying through the air.

The music from the gun-boats,  
Like thunder loud did roar,  
And then they quickly scatter'd.  
And hurried from the shore.

The First and Eighth Kentucky,  
A sabre charge did make,  
They were under Colonel Wolford,  
And rebel hearts did quake.

'Tis said our brave commanders  
Improved each fleeting hour,  
And that each tired soldier,  
Did all within his power.

They killed just fifty-seven,  
And wounded near a score.  
Dick Morgan was a captive,  
With some three hundred more.

But Johnny, like a whirl-pool,  
Was going round and round,  
Then down in Gallia county  
A bitter cup he found.

A thousand men with horses,  
'Tis said, with many a saddle,  
Were captured by our heroes,  
But Johnny did skedaddle.

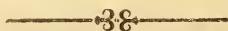
They murder'd Doctor Hudson,  
(A citizen unarm'd,)  
He was living in Meigs county,  
Where other men were harm'd.

Our heroes quickly follow'd,  
To old Columbian,  
And there they caught the raider,  
With all his rebel clan.

It was July the twenty-sixth,  
In eighteen sixty-three,  
One Major Rue said, "Johnny,  
You'll have to stay with me."

"I have surrendered,  
And am to be parol'd;"  
But soon the major show'd him,  
He had to be control'd.

When General Shackelford arrived,  
He let the raider know,  
That down to General Burnside,  
Each one of them must go.



## LIFE OF LIEUT. GENERAL ULYSES SIMPSON GRANT.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-four,  
His father came to this mundane shore,  
Westmoreland was the county's name,  
Where Jessie Grant to earth first came.

His father\* died in eighteen five,  
And left his Scottish son to thrive;  
Apprenticed to a tanner he,  
Dreamt not of high posterity.

From Pennsylvania, his birth-place,  
He to Kentucky turned his face:  
Though Maysville may have suited many,  
He left it and went to Ravenna.

Thence came to the Ohio State,  
Chose Hannah Simpson for a mate,  
It was in eighteen twenty-one,  
That Jesse's single days were done,

---

\* The General's grand-father.

In twenty-two their first-born came,  
Ulyses Simpson is his name ;  
September days were nearly flown,  
Ere his bright face on earth was known.

You might stand on Kentucky's shore,  
And see the little cottage door ;  
Go there and view, none says you sha'n't,  
The birth-place of brave General Grant.

In Clermont county may it stand,  
Till peace shall reign throughout our land ;  
Ohio's soil 'twill ne'er disgrace,  
Nor yet a son of Adam's race.

He soon became a sprightly boy,  
Shunned labor for no trifling toy ;  
What e'er he did was with his might,  
And thus he learned to read and write.

Ere seventeen full years had past,  
Though he had labored hard and fast ;  
By striving hard at intervals,  
He learned fractions through decimals.

The honest lad with prospects fine,  
To West Point went in thirty-nine ;  
'Twas said to him in forty-three,  
Second Lieutenant you shall be.

July the first at Jefferson,  
His army service was begun ;  
Though brevet, Grant never complained,  
He in two years full title\* gained.

He bravely fought in Mexico,  
Respected by high and low ;  
The treaty was in forty-eight,  
Then he was sent to New York State.†

In August he obtained consent,  
And went and married a Miss Dent ;  
In St. Louis she did reside  
Till she was a Lieutenant's‡ bride.

---

\* He was made a full second Lieutenant Sept. 30, 1845.

† To New York city. ‡ Grant was now First Lieut.

It was in eighteen fifty-one,  
Some Indian troubles were begun.  
At Fort Dallas he struck a blow,  
That emigrants might onward go.

Then Captain\* Grant in fifty-four,  
Resigned and came to his own shore :  
In Illinois in fifty-nine,  
He was a leather dealer, (fine.)

A Democrat before the war,  
Yet thought his flag worth fighting for ;  
When cowards scarce had nerve to gaze,  
The three months' men he helped to raise.

A thousand hardy boys agreed,  
That Colonel† Grant should take the lead,  
To follow him from shore to shore,  
They volunteered for three years more.

His worthy deeds can ne'er be told,  
Though worth to us far more than gold.  
When news from Chattanooga spread,  
*Grant* him a medal Congress said.

July the third in sixty-three,  
He met Pemberton 'neath a tree :  
And had a private interview,  
Grant's propositions he came to.

Five battles lost outside the town,  
Had sunk Pemberton's spirits down :  
Ere the next morning's rising sun,  
Our nation's birth-day was begun.

Then ere it had set in the west,  
Of Vicksburg he was dispossessed :  
The oak‡ was quickly cut away,  
And not a limb remains to-day.

---

\* He was brevetted Captain in 1849 and confirmed in 1853.

† In the summer of 1861 he received a commission from Governor Yates, as Colonel of the Twenty-First Illinois Volunteers—three months' men.

‡ It is said the tree under which Pemberton surrendered his men was entirely cut away by Grant's men as mementoes.

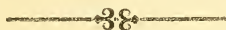
But if you go there you can view,  
The monument which stands in lieu ;  
Its hight is fully twenty feet,  
A pyramid all furnished neat.

Surmounted with a splendid globe,  
More precious than a bridal robe ;  
An eagle there with wide spread wings,  
Tight in its beak a pennant clings.

Inscribed E Pluribus Unum,  
(Before which traitors should be dumb ;)  
One claw the laurel will not yield,  
The other holds a splendid shield.

And on its wings 'tis plain to see,  
The bright Goddess of Liberty ;  
(Thank God who did our colors guide,)  
There's victory on another side.

It's put on there that all may see,  
Grant won the day in sixty-three.  
May patriots their voices raise,  
And to the Lord ascribe the praise.



## UNCLE SAM'S TROUBLES WITH HIS CHILDREN.

Uncle Sam had money plenty,  
And strove with all his might,  
To learn his numerous children,  
To do exactly right.

Years wore away quite swiftly,  
Their strength grew with their age ;  
And Carrie got so jealous,  
She flew into a rage.

She meditated on it,  
And soon fixed up a plan ;  
To alienate her sisters,  
And ruin the *old man*.



She kept the plot so quiet,  
Her father didn't know,  
Exactly her intention,  
But thought he'd get a blow.

First one, and then another,  
She caused to go astray,  
And take their father's earnings,  
All they could get away.

Says he I'm going to them,  
And offer all that's fair;  
Although they are so selfish,  
I've not a child to spare.

They saw him at a distance,  
And knew him by his walk;  
Then huddled up together,  
And soon began to talk.

"Said they we know you're waiting,  
To set our darkies free:  
Now all that we are asking,  
Is go and let us be."

To murder their kind father,  
He knew their hearts were bent;  
And ruin his dear children,  
Who were at home content.

He took his loyal children,  
And dress'd them up in blue,  
Then said, bring back your sisters,  
Your backing shall be true.

They fought on land and water,  
Where many a life was lost;  
And their kind-hearted father,  
Will have to foot the cost.

They asked for strength from heaven,  
To settle up their jars;  
And prayed to the Redeemer,  
To guide the stripes and stars.

## DEATH OF JOHN W. COLEMAN.

When a call was made for soldiers,  
He waited not for cheers ;  
Said he this time I'm going,  
Among the volunteers.

'Twas one day in December,  
From friends he went away,  
And was wounded in a battle,  
A year from the next May.

At Chancellorsville they tell me,  
After the strife was o'er,  
He was left among the rebels  
Some fourteen days or more.

He lay there almost starving,  
In pain with undress'd wounds,  
The heaven was his covering,  
His bed was the cold ground.

When orders had been given,  
He to Washington was sent ;  
There he was kindly treated,  
But soon his days were spent.

He knew that his dear mother,  
Was sleeping neath the sod,  
And that her death-bed warning,  
Was put your trust in God.

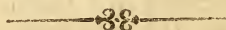
He said to his kind Chaplain,  
Please let my father know,  
That I am going happy,  
From all things here below.

Ere July days were ended,  
A messenger did come,  
To waft his waiting spirit,  
To its eternal home.

They laid his lifeless body  
Down in the silent tomb ;  
But it has been reburied,  
By friends in deepest gloom.

His grave is in Meigs county,  
Close by his mother's side;  
And friends that's left lamenting,  
Are scattered far and wide.

May all his friends and kindred,  
On this terrestrial shore,  
Serve God, that they may meet him,  
Where parting is no more.



## INSCRIBED TO GOVERNOR CORWIN'S CHILDREN.

Come children, dear, I pray draw near,  
And give me your attention;  
It is your father's worthy name,  
Which I would like to mention.

Though suddenly he left you here,  
I trust in Christ he's sleeping;  
Death's chilling wave has put an end,  
To all his pain and weeping.

Though nature's ties were very strong,  
God suffered them to sever;  
But do not think the parting day,  
Is going to last forever.

For when the last loud trumpet sounds,  
There can be no retreating;  
Then summoned to the bar of God,  
You'll have another meeting.

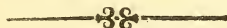
Then while the lamp of life shall burn,  
May you improve the hours;  
And gather knowledge from God's law,  
Like honey from rich flowers.

That when death's chilling winter comes,  
With lamps well trimmed and burning;  
You may go home to dwell with God;  
From whence there's no returning.

But if the gospel road should seem,  
Too narrow, straight or thorny,  
Say would you miss the joys above,  
For mines in California?

If you had power to scan the earth,  
To the most distant region,  
No lasting pleasure could you find,  
Outside of pure religion.

When California's richest mines,  
Shall be to atoms riven,  
May you with your kind father wear,  
Bright crowns in highest heaven.



## INSCRIBED TO GENERAL SHERMAN ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON WILLIE.

In that bright celestial city,  
Free from sorrow, care and pain,  
He will wear a crown of glory,  
Where immortal spirits reign.

Thoughts of war cannot alarm him,  
Nor yet fever scorch his brow;  
God has blessed him with promotion,  
He is not a sergeant now.

When they used to call him sergeant,  
Soon his lovely face would flush;  
But with stars upon your shoulder,  
In his presence now you'd blush.

There with hosts of shining angels,  
On a golden harp he'll play;  
None to countermand the order,  
He will reign in endless day.

Death's triumphant sword has severed,  
Those strong ties which bound him here,  
May they yet unite in heaven,  
Where there is no parting tear.

On the golden streets of glory,  
There to pluck from life's fair tree,  
Fruit, which grows without a failure,  
Eat, and live eternally.

## DEATHS BY DROWNING.

*On the death of Mrs. Abby Curr, Misses Mollie and Annie Crooks and Mr. James Brown; likewise the narrow escape of Eddie and Ellie Crooks.*

Winter's icy chain had vanished,  
'Twas in eighteen sixty-five;  
Twenty days of March were ended,  
And each one was yet alive.

Naught appeared to mar their vision,  
All their hopes were bright and clear;  
Soon they ventured in a john-boat,  
Never thinking death was near.

When the beautiful Ohio,  
Was of ordinary height,  
They were used to walking over  
To their uncle's, just in sight.

Providentially for Ellie,  
She was left to stay all night;  
Or undoubtedly she never  
Would have seen the morning light.

When the rest had homeward started,  
Friends and kindred soon were shocked.  
Death's dark door with unseen fingers,  
In the water was unlocked.

God preserved the life of Eddie,  
Strange indeed though it may seem;  
All with feet upon the bottom,  
Might have looked above the stream.

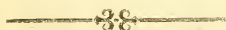
Soon in Captain Crooks' parlor,  
His two daughters lifeless laid;  
With a niece, and Brown (the young man)  
Who for years had with them stayed.

God, who works and none can hinder,  
Cut them off while in their prime;  
But I trust they are transplanted,  
In that bright and better clime.

There on flowing fields of pleasure,  
May they for their kindred wait,  
Till the silent warden enters,  
And unlocks the golden gate.



Where the tree of life is blooming,  
 And all tears are wiped away ;  
 May they yet be reunited,  
 There to live in endless day.



## THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

Come all ye blind enquiring souls,  
 And listen unto me ;  
 One of God's chosen children has,  
 Just solved the mystery.

At least he did profess to be,  
 One God had chose and sent ;  
 To help light up the King's high-way ;  
 Which leads from banishment.

Some one informed a Dutchman, (shrewd)  
 Who chanced to pass that way,  
 That they were going out to hear,  
 The wise man preach and pray.

"Said he the rules of etiquette,  
 I do not like to break ;  
 But just lend me a change of clothes,  
 A low seat I will take."

God's chosen son did oft aver,  
 (Nor thought the Dutchman nigh,)   
 That in and into always meant,  
 Just at, or else near by.

Undoubtedly he thought he had,  
 Performed a splendid feat ;  
 Said he there's room for any now,  
 And quickly took his seat.

## THE ENLIGHTENED DUTCHMAN'S REPLY.

O pless de Lord my bredren dear,  
 Ish glad ish here to-night ;  
 De scales hab fallen from mine eyes,  
 I hab received mine sight.

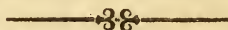
De Lord hash power and mercy too,  
 None ob you will deny ;  
 For Jonah wash not in de whale,  
 He only wash near by.

O pless de Lord, my bredren dear,  
 And let your cheeks be dry;  
 For sinners can't get into hell,  
 They'll only go near by.

De fiery furnace it was heat,  
 De power of Cot to try;  
 De Hebrew children were not burnt,  
 Although they stood near by.

Vot happy times we's going to hab,  
 Trough long eternity;  
 Neider in Heben or in hell,  
 Outside each place we'll be.

O pless de Lord my bredren dear,  
 Ish glad ish here to-night;  
 Ish much enlightened, pless de Lord,  
 I hash received my sight.



## CAN WE STAND THE TEST AT THE BAR OF GOD?

Say parents do you think with me?  
 There's some responsibility.  
 We've children trusted to our care,  
 How can we answer for it there.

Say shall we all their failings hide?  
 Or must we for transgressions chide?  
 How could we bear to hear them say,  
 'Twas pa or ma led me astray.

We have God's law left for us here,  
 But it may yet prove to us dear;  
 Unless in it we do delight,  
 'Twill sink us down to endless night.

In a few words you'll have my mind,  
 To children we should all be kind;  
 But not uphold them in a wrong.  
 Though they should urge it e'er so strong.

May I, for one in wisdom's ways,  
 Spend here my few remaining days;  
 That when my Saviour comes again,  
 I may go home with him to reign.

Just four of mine have past away,  
To live with Christ in endless day;  
Their years were numbered under seven,  
I've only three that's out of Heaven,

I'll pray that we may meet again,  
When we are done with toil and pain;  
Where tears for friends are never shed,  
To dwell with Christ our living head



## ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Nearly all the young men of every grade,  
Chose each a companion for life;  
But sometimes in making up their minds too soon,  
It causes great sorrow and strife.

Then while from the husband's great cares you're free,  
If you'll take the advice of a friend,  
Come out like a hero, the gospel obey,  
And then to that matter attend.

It surely can't harm you, or any one else,  
To obey the Redeemer's kind voice;  
'Twill fit you for life and also for death.  
And assist you in making a choice.

The Lord has provided a city above,  
And the road that leads to it, is plain;  
That road is marked out in His own written word,  
You have read and may read it again.

He has not provided his children a home,  
And left them to guess the way there;  
You can see it as plain as the sun at noon-day,  
If you only will read it with care.

I trust you will learn what the Lord doth require,  
And obey it from hearts filled with love;  
Then choose your companion to live with through life,  
Who are laying up treasures above.

When you each have ended your pilgrimage here,  
May you meet on that heavenly shore;  
Where sin is a stranger and sorrow unknown,  
And friends will be parted no more.

## ON THE 17TH CHAPTER OF ST. JOHN.

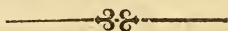
A man of words and not of deeds,  
Looks much to me like human creeds ;  
The Bible is my only guide,  
You may have all the creeds beside.

Christ did for his apostles pray,  
That none of them should go astray ;  
He said he'd lost perdition's son,  
And prayed the rest might all be one.

My Saviour prayed for me I know,  
Some eighteen hundred years ago ;  
For I the apostle's word received,  
And through them on Christ believed.

I have an interest surely there,  
And want my neighbors all to share ;  
Look careful and you all can see,  
What he requires of you and me.

He says He wants us to unite,  
Would not that be a pleasing sight ?  
That to the world it might be clear,  
It was his Father sent him here.



## MY THOUGHTS IN '61.

If I had wings like Noah's dove,  
To Charleston I would soar,  
And take with me the stripes and stars,  
To that seceding shore.

I'd wave those stripes above their heads,  
And loud for Union cry ;  
Then tell them thousands in the North  
Would for those colors die.

That those brave men have pass'd away,  
Who did our freedom gain,  
But they had left brave sons enough,  
Our freedom to maintain.

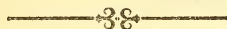
And their best policy would be  
To yield to wholesome laws.  
For Northern men could make them smart,  
Far worse than Irish taws.

That our best Union men would hate  
To see a revolution,  
But sister Carrie, you must stand  
Up to the Constitution.

Likewise that Abe would never fear,  
To have his work inspected,  
That they might yet have cause to think  
Jackson was resurrected.

For he would never stop for knots,  
His rails were split clear through ;  
And if they fought with Union men,  
They'd find a Hickory crew.

Then I would clap my wings again,  
And homeward I would soar,  
Praying the Lord to grant us peace,  
On earth for evermore.



## THE FAITH OF A CHILD.

My oldest son of sixteen years,  
Went forth to face the foe ;  
Said he, for me you must not grieve,  
They won't have pa you know.

His little sister disappeared,  
And for some time she stayed ;  
Then she returned and said don't cry.  
For I have cried and prayed.

God must be in our army, ma,  
You say He's everywhere,  
Then won't He watch my brother,  
In answer to my prayer.

Her brother safely did return,  
Her voice in thanks did raise ;  
And now her spirit dwells above,  
Where prayer is changed to praise.



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